

The Missionary Catechist



Volume IV

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Number 5

Saint Vincent and the Catechists

Rev. Joseph P. Donovan, C. M., Kendrick Seminary, St. Louis, Mo.

ALMOST 300 years after the ordination of Saint Vincent de Paul, a distinguished French Priest, Father Boudignon wrote a very arresting appraisal of the Saint's life and work under the title **Saint Vincent, the Model of Men of Action**. One interesting feature of that book is the author's enumeration of the schools of sanctity which have flourished in the Church of God. The Apostles and the sainted Christians of their days belonged to the School of the Gospel. Then followed almost simultaneously the alumni of the two schools, the School of the Martyrs and the School of the Desert. And hardly had peace come to the Church when a new fashion of sanctity came into vogue and held sway for nearly eight hundred years, the Monastic School. But with the Crusades and the new order of things that accompanied them entered a kindred school of sanctity, that of the Militant Orders, bearing either the sword of the flesh against the Paynim or the sword of the spirit against the world, the flesh, and the devil in individual souls or in Christian society at large. According to Father Boudignon, the Saint Louises, the Saint Dominics and the Saint Francises were all warrior saints; all illustrated the romantic Militant School of Sanctity. But, when the Militant School came into existence, the Monastic School did not disappear from the life of the Church. The old and the new flourished side by side until our present era dawned with the Reformation. Then was born the latest school of sanctity, that of Action. And Father Boudignon maintains that this last school was in existence a full century before its greatest exemplar appeared in the person of Saint Vincent de Paul.

Yet it is not merely because the Catechists are among the most recent exponents of the School of Action that they have a family connection with Saint Vincent, the master spirit of that school. There is a closer relationship between the servants of the neglected poor and the "Father of the Poor." For St. Vincent discovered anew the principle that there is in every age a field of active endeavor in the Church which remains uncovered unless consecrated women are at hand as volunteers to go into that harvest of souls. He lived in an age when the Church's discipline had restricted the

religious life of women to the cloistered life. Around the time of the Saint's birth Saint Pius V had declared that religious women refusing to accept the papal cloister should be disbanded within six months. While there may have been exceptions to



VINCENT DE PAUL
The Friend of the Poor

this sweeping rule, still Catholic ways of thinking at the time of Saint Vincent was beginning his active priestly career could not have visualized the religious woman outside of her convent, school, or asylum. At that time no ordinary Catholic would have imagined consecrated virgins going into the hovels of the poor. And the boldest Catholic reformers could not have thought of these vessels of election going onto the field of battle as angels of mercy.

However, Saint Vincent, with divine inventiveness, found a key to the locked treasure house of virtue in the person of his Sister of Charity. He gave a new applica-

tion to the principle of religious consecration for women. The solemn vow he replaced with the simple vow; the perpetual vow with the temporary vow; and while keeping the substance of religious life, he changed its external forms. He made personal effort do service for public safeguard; and he caused his daughters by intense training in virtue to be "as a rock against the familiarities of man." He gave them, to paraphrase his own poetic language, "no other veil than modesty, no other cloister than the city streets leading to the garret or the cot of the poor and sick, no other convent than the parish church, no other home than that of the orphan and the unfortunate."

The principle which Saint Vincent applied so originally mid-seventeenth century France demanded still another application in early twentieth century America. Those French girls who pioneered so gloriously and who from that handful in training for heroism at Blessed Louise's home in Saint Nicholas' parish, Paris, three hundred years ago, have grown to be forty thousand in five continents at the present time,—those French girls had daily Mass and a fixed abode. But the same Lord of the poor needed American girls who would be prepared to make a sacrifice of that which their seventeenth century sisters joyously possessed, the morning Sacrifice and a permanent home. To the Saviour's request for such girls to minister to His suffering Church in the Southwest and elsewhere, came the valiant Catechists.

How vast the uncovered expanse of souls for these other daughters of Saint Vincent! Only a few weeks ago an episcopal son of the Saint from a Central American Republic told of 500,000 souls under him with fewer than fifty Priests to break to them the "Bread of Life." He heard, as in a dream the story of how the Holy Ghost had already provided for solving just such problems of instruction as his half million widely scattered people presented. He wondered, as he listened, if the Catechists of Our Blessed Lady of Victory, would soon become numerous enough to cross national boundaries. Yes; they will; for, like the elder daughters of Saint Vincent, they will see a large and long-lived generation.

MAY OUR RISEN SAVIOR BLESS YOU FOR YOUR CHARITY!

When The Americans Came

By Constance Edgerton

"I came to stay with you," announced Juan Morador to Carola. "Felipe and your mother are searching for you. I learned this on the trail. I will care for your husband and Loretto while you work."

"Willingly would I work, Juan, but where?" she asked.

"Two miles up the canyon is the new home of Marzo Lowell and his family—his wife, her mother, and their two children. They have but now returned from Santa Fe. I stopped there today. They want a woman three days a week to wash, iron and clean."

Loretto came around the house. She ran to Juan and caught his hand. "Dear Juan, I am glad you came," she said. "Papa is quite ill."

Forrester was no longer able to walk. Nor could he talk. He glared at Juan as he came in and motioned for a pencil. Carola handed him the pencil Juan had purchased for Loretto that she might learn to draw. He wrote: "Is he going to stay?"

"Yes," answered Carola. "I am going to work and Juan will look after you."

Next day she went to the Lowells. She was quiet and a good worker. Soon she was indispensable to Mrs. Lowell, who would ask: "Will you come tomorrow, Carola? I know it is not your regular day but Marzo and I want to go to Santa Fe. When you are with Mother and the children we do not worry."

She would come. The Lowells would take her earnings and bring supplies home with them. Forrester had fresh meat, fruit, tobacco.

Juan kept the little house spotless. Sundays after breakfast he, Loretto and Carola would recite the Rosary. Forrester would look on wide-eyed.

"He will not last much longer, Carola," said Juan one Sunday as they sat in the dooryard. Forrester was asleep in the house.

"If he were baptized it would not be so hard," she said.

Sometimes as he and Loretto slept, she would sit looking at him, and marvel at the thread of life that held him. Mrs. Lowell who came to see him also marveled—how a girl like Carola could have married such a man. Once she spoke to her about it.

"You did not know him before his illness," said the loyal Carola. "He was a wonderful man."

"If he is so wonderful," said the abrupt Mrs. Lowell, "why are you in the wilderness, away from your parents? If he is so wonderful, why are you estranged from your parents?"

Carola did not reply.

"What was your maiden name?" asked Mrs. Lowell.

"Martinez."

Mrs. Lowell kept on: "You worry me. You are not in the habit of working."

"I am so grateful to have work," said Carola. "Do I not work to suit you?"

"You silly little thing!" said Mrs. Lowell. "Of course you work to suit me. What is your father's name?"

"Don Ramon Martinez."

"You had a nice home?"

"Yes."

"Why did you leave it?"

"Forrester and I loved each other," answered Carola.

Next time the Lowells drove to Santa Fe Mrs. Lowell busied herself inquiring for

one Don Ramon Martinez. She learned he had lived on Martinez Ranch until a few years back, when the Americans came and took the land from him. Don Vincent, his father, had been born on the land, and was one of the first to swear allegiance when New Mexico became a territory of the United States. His was a voice that made echo up and down the young territory, bidding her native sons be as loyal to the new government as they had been to the old. And Don Pablo, Ramon's grandfather, had ruled New Mexico in his day. To none did he report save Mexico City itself—which was so far away and so hard set with her own revolutions that she gave scant thought of this remote province wherein grazed numberless sheep.

"Where were the Martinez family?" she persisted. The man was the clerk in the hotel and seemed to know every one. He, too, had been a sheep owner until the Americans crowded him out.

He told her Donna Teresa had but that morning left Santa Fe in company with Felipe Estevan. They had been a year on the trails, searching for her daughter, Carola, who was married to Forrester Harding. Don Ramon was at Rancho del Espiritu Santo.

From the hotel Anna Lowell went to the Sheriff's office, and learned what she wished to know. She met Marzo at the appointed hour. On the home drive she was singularly quiet.

"What's wrong, Anna?" said Marzo.

"I am worried about Carola. Her husband is an outlaw and there is a reward for for him."

"I know it," answered Marzo. "The minute I saw him I recognized him. He was posted all over the territory a year ago. There have been so many crimes since that he is almost forgotten."

CHAPTER VII

The sun, a pale pink globe through misty blue, was rising between the golden crags of the Cebolleta Mountains when Teresa and Felipe arrived home. Jose came to meet them. "Donna Teresa, best of mistresses, and you, too, Felipe Estevan, welcome home. Manuela is dead. Juan Morador told me so. Carola lives in the hills with her husband and their child."

"Where is Juan?" asked Felipe.

"Searching for you."

"Ramon," said Donna Teresa, "you are wiser than I. Go alone and you will find our girl. Bring her home—and her husband also. He may not be guilty of what he is accused."

Don Ramon rode forth through towns with squatty houses and narrow streets, through realistic Indian villages, into little Mexican hamlets where the white sands of the desert spill into the very dooryards. Far into the opal-tinted distances he would find Carola, across the trackless mesas, wildernesses of arid waste. Sometimes he found himself riding when the dawn came streaking the sky with orange, purple and crimson. In a flood of light the stars would be quenched.

He combed the hills. In the soft semi-light of the desert nights he rode, and at every house he inquired. He would find her tomorrow—and if not tomorrow, tomorrow's tomorrow.

On he rode under skies of turquoise blue, passing dwarfed peach orchards growing in the arid sands, planted two hundred years ago by the Spanish padres; into a sunset world where the peaks, rocks, sands, mesas and skies all turned to a burning rose color; into lone-swept canyons and scarred hills.

Frequently he rode with his foot in one stirrup, and the other foot swinging free, as is the way of seasoned riders who would ease their muscles.

"Carola," said Forester, who had regained his speech, "I would like to be baptized. You converted me, Carola. I will tell you how: A woman, who for her religion, could stand the abuse I have given you, has a religion that I want for mine."

She consulted with Juan, who was wise, when he chose to be. He said: "We have no way of bringing a Priest here. We will baptize him."

Forrester did not want it that way. Why not have a Priest?

Next day Mrs. Lowell told her a Father was coming from Santa Fe to bless their house and say Mass.

It was six years since Carola had been to Mass. Eagerly she looked forward to the Priest's visit.

She and Juan went to Confession and received their King. Father Garcia accompanied them to their home and baptized Forrester.

A month later Forrester Harding died. (Continued on Page Three)



Don Ramon rode forth thru' realistic Indian Villages

JOIN THE ASSOCIATE CATECHISTS OF MARY

Victory Noll Notes

ALLELUIA! Alleluia! He is Risen as he truly said! O Risen Saviour! Make us, Thy weak children, too, to pass from death to life, from darkness to light, from a life full of imperfections to a life perfect and worthy of Thee. Abide with us continually and never depart from us!

On the morning of the beautiful Feast of the Annunciation, ceremonies of Profession and Investiture, in which twenty-five young ladies participated, were held at Victory-Noll. It was truly an edifying sight for the many relatives and friends present to see twelve Missionary Catechists, with lighted tapers, kneeling within the Sanctuary for the purpose of consecrating themselves unreservedly to the service of the King of Kings. Six out of the twelve pronounced for the first time their vows of Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience to Our Divine Lord, through Mary, His Most Blessed Mother. The other six renewed their vows at this time. Those who made their Profession were: Catechists Genevieve Sullivan of Chicago, Ill., Margaret Srill of Chicago, Ill., Marion Drexler of New Haven, Conn., Clara Leutenegger of Omaha, Neb., Julia Murphy of Indianapolis, Ind., and Emma Deitz of Evansville, Ind. The Catechists who renewed their vows on this day were: Head Catechist Catherine Olberding, our Catechist-Directress Helen Srill, Catechist Hannah Barthen, Catechist Cordelia Bahl, Catechist Genevieve Whitehead, and Catechist Clara Rathnaw.

Catechist Francis Meyer of St. Bernard's, Ohio, having completed her year's probationship was admitted into the Juniorate of the Society.

Those invested as Probationers were: Catechists Elizabeth Hann of Lilbourn, Mo., Cecilia Schmitt of St. Louis, Mo., Dorothy Oehler of Mt. Healthy, Ohio, Margaret Javaux of St. Louis, Mo., Helen Weber of Ozone Park, New York, Laura Franken of Norborne, Mo., De Vota Christ of Hamilton, Ohio, and Charlotte Sheper of Indianapolis, Ind.

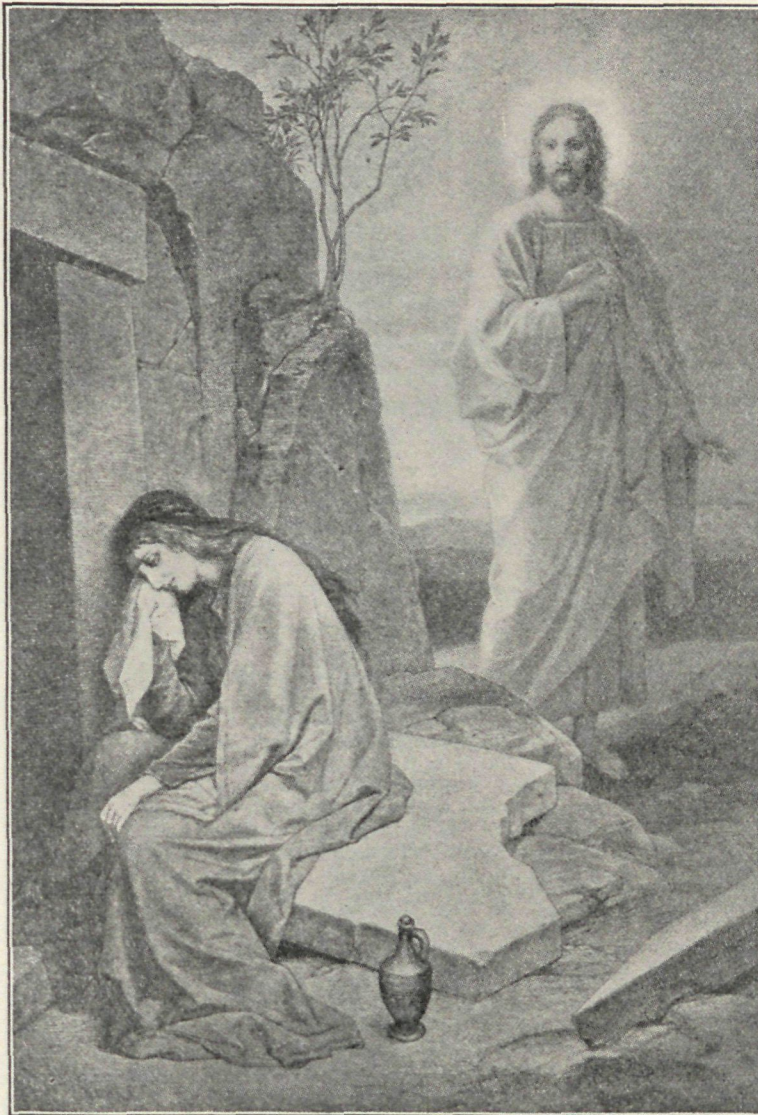
Those who received the white veil as Consecrates of Mary were: Catechists Effie McConnell of Fort Wayne, Ind., Helen Davidson of Chicago, Ill., Christine Wirtz of Crown Point, Ind., and Bertha Dorrman of Cincinnati, Ohio.

The usual four-day Retreat, preceding the Investiture, was conducted by Father Camillus Becker, O. M. Cap., of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. All considered his Conferences a real spiritual treat and each one took advantage of the privilege of attending them, whenever duty so permitted.

Father Camillus, assisted by Father Jose H. Lara, our present chaplain, also officiated at the ceremonies.

In his beautiful sermon following the Mass, Father Camillus said in closing: "How can I congratulate what God Almighty this

morning has blessed? But, in the words of Holy Mother Church, I say to you: 'May God bless you, may He protect you, may He guide you, may He lead you to the fulfillment of your holy vocation.'"



He Is Risen

"Christ the Lord is risen today"

Sons of men, and angels, say,

Raise your songs of triumph high;

Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply

Love's redeeming work is done,

Fought the fight, the battle won;

No, our sun's eclipse o'er!

No, He sits in blood no more!

When the Americans Came

(Continued from Page Two)

Marzo Lowell and Anna did all they could, and after the funeral they took Juan, Loretto and Carola home to live with them.

The days ticked off. Carola worked with a will. Evenings she would walk with the little girls along the river's edge. When the west was a dying glow of radiance the beauty of it uplifted her soul, and as they walked down the trail homeward, she sang.

And here Don Ramon found her, by the brown sands of the river, waiting. "Papa," she said as he slid from his horse and came to her with open arms, "I knew you would come."

"I will not return home with you, papa," said Carola as they sat in the living room with the family. "Take Loretto. I will keep on with my work. That will enable me to send her to a convent school later."

Ramon was not torn with sorrow at this as Mrs. Lowell expected he would be.

"Mamma will know from you that I am well and send my love to her. Some day—"

"Same day we will drive over, Mr. Martinez," said Mrs. Lowell. "Your wife will want to see Carola. Look for us in three weeks."

Carola was in her mother's arms. Then Jose led her to a quiet corner while Teresa and Ramon cared for their guests. Anna Lowell was delighted with the ranch house, the silver, the servants,—there were only Estrada, Inez and Jose—the chapel and the view.

Jose asked many questions and to him Carola bared her heart. They had had an indescribably hard and lonely time. To Jose she seemed torn with resentful sorrow, the rebellious sorrow of youth. He knew she would forget, and this was well. It was the way of youth to forget. She did not seem to understand all she had been through. Jose knew there were some things too black for youth to understand.

Felipe came to her. She saw him and went to meet him, her two hands out. The Lowells joined them. Inez announced dinner. She served it in the dining room as of old when Rosaria, Felipe's mother, lived. She had done her utmost to make a feast of this occasion and she had succeeded. She insisted Jose, Estrada and Juan Morardor eat in the kitchen. Now she whispered to them: "Felipe has found her at last."

"He will not marry her," said Juan. "She is like a waxen angel in the niche—above the things of earth. To the convent she should have gone instead of to the altar with Forrester Harding."

"If all the good women went to the convent where would you be, Juan Morardor?" she demanded.

Here Juan was overcome with his old-time stupidity and said: "Waxen angels. Yes. In the churches in Santa Fe."

THE END

MAY OUR RISEN SAVIOR BLESS YOU FOR YOUR CHARITY!

"Nothing To Do!"



ONE hears much these days of the unrest caused by social changes, which have completely revolutionized home life and its attendant duties. Our modern apartment houses, with their innumerable convenience and labor-saving devices, have, undoubtedly, lightened the tasks of the housewife of today. But they have not, however, proved an unmixed source of blessings to her, for they have given rise to conditions unknown to housewives of the past generation. Although they have, for example, given her more time for leisure and pleasure, nevertheless, they have tended to lessen her sense of personal responsibilities. Little wonder, then, that we hear the oft-repeated complaint from thousands of our American Catholic women: "Oh! if I only had something interesting to while away my idle moments!"

But, in this work-a-day world of ours, each one of us certainly has something to do, if we only seek it,—responsibilities we may not shirk, but which we should meet unflinchingly. As a well-known Bishop has so aptly said: "God has given each one of you a work to do in this world. Remember you alone can do it, or for all eternity, it will remain undone."

Now, if our Catholic women, with no responsibilities at home, and with time hanging heavily upon them, could only be induced to visit the poverty-stricken districts of our Southwest, where suffering and wretchedness abound, they would no longer have cause to complain, that they can find "nothing to do." Then, undoubtedly, the shadow which has fallen upon their homes would be lifted; they would soon forget themselves, and would have revealed to them the glory of a Resurrection morn—the vision of a newer, fuller life,—a life of SERVICE,—animated with the spirit of self-sacrificing zeal, and devotion for alleviating the sufferings of those less fortunate.

The needs of the Missions are urgent. Many laborers are required to meet these needs. If each Catholic woman would start to do her part, her neighbor, inspired by her good example, would also fall into line. There are so many things to be done: food and medicine to be sent for the relief of the destitute and suffering little children of the Missions; clothing and shoes and stockings for those who cross the snow-covered mountain passes of Northern New Mexico insufficiently clad, in order to receive Religious Instruction from the Catechists. Then, there are the First Communion outfits—plain white dresses for the girls, simple blouses for the boys.

There are all sorts of ways and means for utilizing your "idle moments" by helping the Missions; by making our destitute Mission-children happy. One of the best means is either to organize a band, or unit, of the "Associate Catechists of Mary," or to affiliate with a band already organized.

Write the Catechist Supervisor of the Associate Catechists of Mary for information concerning the work of the A. C. M.—the organization of a small band; or the means of affiliating with our Home Mission Band—Our Blessed Lady of Victory Circle.

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Rev. J. J. Sigstein, Spiritual Director of
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Editor

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Brevities

"I am the Resurrection and the Life . . . he that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood, hath everlasting life: and I will raise him up in the last day."

* * *

These words of Our Blessed Lord are the consolation and strength of every good Christian, who receives Holy Communion frequently.

* * *

But, how few there are blessed with the privilege of communicating frequently and even daily in their parish churches who ever stop to think of the countless thousands of their Catholic Brethren in the Missions who are deprived of the priceless grace of even a single Communion.

* * *

Living in Missions seldom visited by the Priest, many children die without even having their first Holy Communion; their parents often die without having had the opportunity of making their Easter Duty.

* * *

By supporting a Missionary Catechist you will make it possible for her to prepare neglected little children to receive Holy Communion and thus afford them the opportunity themselves to enjoy the ever lasting happiness of Heaven.

March 6, 1928.

Rev. J. J. Sigstein,
My dear Father:—

Your letter duly received, and we thank you for your prayers and good wishes.

I met your Catechists and I need hardly say I admire them very much. We all feel sure they will do splendid work in the years to come. They are to follow in the footsteps of Junipero Serra and many other Franciscan Saints here who have given their lives for the souls of the poor Indians.

Msr. Crowley was here for a day or two, and he expects, inasmuch, as his application reached you first, that he will be favored with the first Catechists to arrive in California. This is also my wish and I hope you will be pleased to grant it. In my estimation he and his good Bishop are the most deserving of all the great Churchmen in the U. S.

Permit me to enclose draft from Mr. S. He handed it to me a few minutes ago. He also remarked that he considered your Order the most deserving in the Church and that you would probably hear from him again.

Mr. S. will probably give your Order his home later on.

Best wishes to you and all the Catechists from Mrs. O'D., and myself.

Yours truly,

PETER O'DONNELL.

Feb. 18, 1928.

Rev. J. J. Sigstein.
Dear Father:

Enclosed find our check for one thousand (\$1,000.00) dollars to be invested in your work, by us, on the "Annuity Plan" of 6%.

We received the specimen copies of your annuity contract. Shall we return them? Please advise if you will send others, or if we are sign those you sent.

A. and C. G.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE "BROADCASTS" GREATNESS OF THE "SUNSHINE STATE."

In an address delivered recently at the dedication of New Mexico's stone in the Washington Monument, President Coolidge made known historical facts unknown even to many American Catholics.

In the course of his splendid address, the President said:

"New Mexico gained statehood less than sixteen years ago. But she has claim to the earliest civilization on the North American Continent. None of our states is richer in historic lore, in legend and in romance; none more interesting to the archaeologist and the ethnologist. In 1539, eighty-one years before the "Mayflower" reached Plymouth Rock, Marcos de Niza, a Franciscan Friar, pushed toward the North from Mexico City to explore in unknown regions. The Spaniards called the territory he discovered New Mexico. There he found Pueblo Indians, clad in cotton and woolen clothing woven by themselves, living in well-built adobe villages, with houses of several stories. They were apparently well versed in the agricultural arts.

"An expedition under Juan de Onate formed a colony in 1598, and in 1605 Santa Fe was founded and designated as the seat of government. In 1821 New Mexico became a province of Mexico, which had declared its independence of Spain. General Stephen W. Kearney in 1848 took possession of this rich country in the name of the United States. Two years later it became a territory. In January, 1912, it became the State of New Mexico.

"Too little is known of the beauties, advantages, and possibilities of this Commonwealth. It is an empire in itself, ranking in size fourth of all the States, having 123,000 square miles, or 78,000,000 acres. Its area equals New York, Pennsylvania and South Carolina combined. The estimated population—about 400,000—is less than four persons to each square mile."

JOIN THE ASSOCIATE CATECHISTS OF MARY

All In a Day's Work

"ISN'T this breeze from good old Lake Michigan refreshing," remarked my Sister-Catechist, as we arrived at Indiana Harbor to visit the homes of the thousands of destitute Catholics under our care.

Soon we are out of the cold and enter a building through a door that leads us up a dark, damp, narrow hallway. At the end of the hall we are welcomed into the humble but cleanly furnished apartment of Senora Ortega. Soon we are joined by her daughters, Manuela and Raephela, 16 and 18 years of age, respectively, who take us into the only other room of the apartment where we complete the instructions we had already begun for the First Confession and Communion of the two young ladies. After a time the mother joins us and listens intently to the instructions. She sighs as she recalls her own First Communion day as a little child many years ago in Mexico. How she wishes she too could approach the Holy Table with her daughters next Sunday. But unfortunately for her this is impossible as she was married to a Baptist by a Baptist minister and has lived outside the Church ever since. Fortunately, however, all her children were baptized by a Priest. But, now she tells us her boys go to the Katherine House, the Mexican Baptist Church in Indiana Harbor and proudly display a Protestant Bible. The girls, however, decided to remain Catholic and very readily consented to receive religious instruction in preparation for their First Holy Communion.

With the help of God's Holy Mother we hope to build upon this foundation and so prepare these good girls to withstand the many temptations to which they are subject from proselytizing Protestant Missionaries.

After we left the house my Sister-Catechist, who has had considerable experience both in the Missions of the Southwest and the Mexican Settlements here, assured me that after the girls have made their First Holy Communion it will not be so difficult to win over the boys.

"You know God's Grace is all powerful, Catechist," she said to me, "and with the mother so anxious to return to the practice of her religion she may be able to induce the father to be married by Father Garcia."

On our way to the next home we met a little Mexican lad, ten years of age. Time and time again the boy's mother promised to send him to our Catechism Class. He had already received his First Holy Communion but had never been to the Sacraments since.

"Jose," we said to him, "we have never seen your face at our Catechism Classes, nor have we seen you at Holy Mass."

"Your Church is too far," he answered, "I go to the Katherine Protestant Settlement House for services with my sister on Sundays."

"But you are a Catholic boy and you know it is sinful to go to the Baptist Church. Besides the Katherine House is much further for you to go to than our Church," we protested.

"Yes," he readily answered, "but the Katherine House Bus comes around and gets us on Sunday mornings, and takes us to church. Then, too, they often give us money for going to their services. And, they have such fine parties and entertainments. Every time we go there we get something."

"Well now," we said to him, "don't you love Our Lord and His Holy Mother, and don't you want to show your love for Them by keeping your Holy Catholic Faith, in which you were baptized and which alone is able to save you?"

"Oh, yes, I am a Catholic," the boy answered, "and I love Our Lord and Our Lady of Guadalupe, but these Americans told us that they would not take our Holy Religion away from us."



Happily we won back little Jose and his sister, as we have so many others of our little children who were misled by the false promises of Protestant Missionaries.

We always impress upon our children who have attended Protestant services, the sinfulness of taking part in Protestant ceremonies; the danger to their Faith; the bad example they give to others; and, finally, we have them meet the Priest and get him interested in these children.

Before finishing our morning's work of visitation we decided to call on the Ortiz Family. This family came to Gary several months ago from Zion City, Illinois, where the father had worked as a section hand. Ever since their arrival in Gary he has been unable to secure employment. As they are not legal residents of the County, the County Agent will not provide them with provisions and clothing. Upon us, therefore, has devolved the duty of assisting this family, in their dire needs, for the past three months.

On arriving at the home of this family on this cold morning, we found the basement windows (the basement being their wretched abode) covered with ice. The babies and little ones were in bed with but very scanty bed clothing, and crying because of the cold.

We had already secured for these destitute people a half ton of coal, and now we found that they were actually suffering from hunger and cold.

St. Francis Monastery
1615 Vine Street
Cincinnati, Ohio

February 22, 1928

My dear Friend:

I thank you for your kind congratulations and your prayers. God bless you for all!

I am very glad, indeed, to know that you are happy in your new home at Victory-Noll. God grant that you like it more and more with each day. You have an opportunity to do much good as a Missionary Catechist. Prepare yourself well for the great work of leading the poorest of Christ's poor to the Lover of the poor and forsaken and down-trodden. I am sure that the work will appeal to you. Two years are but a short time, after all, to get ready for so great a task. They will pass too rapidly for you.

The practical side of your training will offer you no difficulty. Do not worry about the theoretical, for you have had a good foundation in that also. Get very close to Our Lord in the Tabernacle. It is from Him that we can learn best the secrets of good teaching of the simplest truths of our Holy Faith. I consider the program of the Society of Missionary Catechists excellent. If but more of our good Catholic young ladies would know of it, I am convinced that they would gladly join your ranks.

I am preaching Lenten sermons in St. Boniface this year on Wednesdays, and in St. Joseph Church, Covington, on Sundays.

With teaching fourteen hours Philosophy each week, helping in the Confessional and in the pulpit here and otherwise, besides the duties of a superior and other incidentals, there is no dearth of work here. As long as I am able to do it, I shall gladly do it and more.

Wishing you the blessing of God, I am,

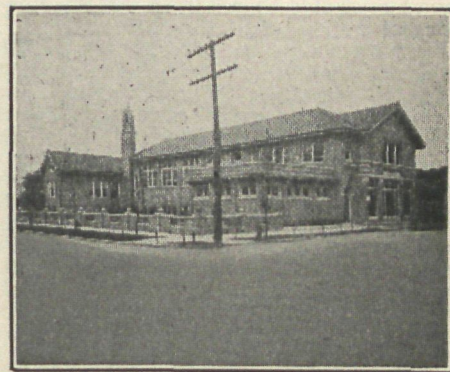
Sincerely yours in Christ,

FATHER S., O.F.M.

Please ship all items intended for the needy missions direct to our mission centers. Address: "Society of Missionary Catechists" at:

1. Holman, New Mexico.
2. Anton Chico, New Mexico.
3. Los Cerrillos, New Mexico.
4. Box 30, Montezuma Route, East Las Vegas, New Mexico.
5. 620 W. Fifteenth Street, Gary, Indiana.
6. Catechist Blanche Richardson, Supervisor of Archconfraternity of Christian Doctrine, Victory Mount, East Las Vegas, New Mexico.

Express and freight shipments for Holman and Anton Chico are sent via Las Vegas, New Mexico.



Gary-Alderding Settlement House at Gary, Ind.

MAY OUR RISEN SAVIOR BLESS YOU FOR YOUR CHARITY!

The Associate Catechists of Mary

THE third anniversary of the Victory Mission Circle of Huntington, Ind., was celebrated at the home of Mrs. John Kline, President, on February 9, 1928. The Circle was organized February 3, 1925.

A very enthusiastic crowd responded to the call for Missionary workers. There were then about 25 charter members; many have joined the Circle since. Work is done for needy families at home as well as for the poor neglected Missions of the Southwest.

At this first meeting, officers were elected, with Mrs. John Kline, President; Mrs. Harry Helms, Vice-President; Miss Stella O'Brien, Secretary and Treasurer, and Father Sigstein, Spiritual Director. The members volunteered to help support a Catechist by donating at least \$25.00 a year.

The Circle has, since its very beginning, done many different kinds of charity work, such as the making of clothing for poor Mission children. At one time, 48 dresses, petticoats, bloomers, and stockings for girls, and 21 blouses, ties, handkerchiefs, and stockings for boys, were sent to New Mexico. At another time, a hurry call came from Indiana Harbor for First Holy Communion outfits. With only two days in which to work, these good ladies made and sent 19 First Communion dresses, stockings, and veils. On still another occasion, a plea came from New Mexico for warm clothes and underclothes. In a surprisingly short time, the Circle had sent 50 garments speeding on their way to the shivering little ones of the Missions.

In all, about 1500 garments have been made, donated, and sent to poor Mission-centers by this band of energetic workers.

A most welcome shower came to the home of the Catechists one day, not of rain, but of kitchen utensils. There were 42 arti-



cles, all sent by the members of the Circle, which have since done valiant duty in the Victory-Noll kitchen. There were also ten rag rugs and about twenty comforts to make the Catechists comfortable during the long winter months.

Each Christmas, a huge clothes basket heaped high with all kinds of choice fruits, finds its way from the Circle in Huntington to the Catechists at Victory-Noll.

At the last meeting, each member was asked to bring a few potatoes and a can of some kind of food or fruit. The result was a collection that would excite the admiration of the most confirmed critic. There were about forty cans of tempting vegetables, fruit and jelly, and two bushels of potatoes. This was given to a worthy poor family.

This gives one an idea of what can be done for the needy by a group of generous, self-sacrificing Mission workers, who labor together with the true Christian spirit of charity in behalf of God's poor. The old saying, "many a hand makes light the work," is certainly true, and, thanks be to God, the Catholic Church is not lacking in loyal and loving children, who are ready to work and sacrifice for Her extension and the needs of Her poor.

Keokuk, Ia.

Dear Catechist Supervisor:

Enclosed you will find a check for \$22.00 for our membership dues.

We have just sent some drugs, artificial flowers, and six tall vases to Catechist Doyle, and we also have about two hundred paper baskets of candy and goodies ready to send for an Easter treat. Later we will

send twelve complete First Communion outfits for girls, and ten or twelve blouses and ties for boys. We have quite a collection of medals and holy pictures, so altogether, we feel that the Little Flower Mission Circle is making some progress. After this work is completed, we will try to send something for Catechist Doyle's automobile fund.

With prayers for your success, I remain,
Sincerely, MRS. E. P.

We would be most happy to receive articles such as these from others of our good promoters, as the activities and accomplishments of one band is sure to encourage and stimulate the energy of the rest. If your band has original ideas for keeping members enthusiastic and active, or for raising funds towards the purchases of food, medicine, and other necessities in the Mission-centers, why not pass them along to others?

Buffalo, N. Y.

Dear Catechist Supervisor:

Enclosed find a check for one hundred dollars, to be invested in your Annuity Plan, to draw interest semi-annually. This is also in thanksgiving for a very great favor unexpectedly received just one week ago.

I hope I shall never be obliged to disturb this amount, as, at my death, I want it to remain entirely yours for your grand and noble work. If I were younger and had the health, I should like to do active work and be a Catechist. But I thank God for having placed me where it is my privilege to assist the Sisters of Charity in their great work for Orphans and Working Girls.

My letter is becoming lengthy, as my heart is in what I am doing. May God speed my mite for your work!

Yours sincerely, A. D.



The Junior Associate Catechists of Mary

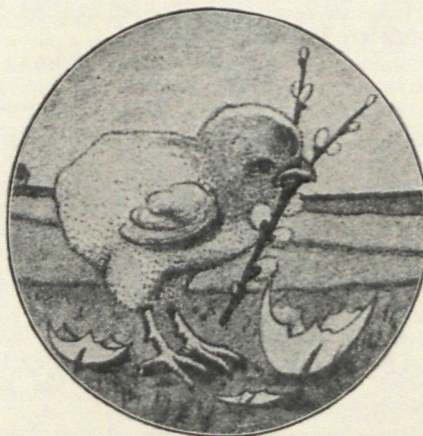


WHAT IF THEY HADN'T COME!

I am going to tell you a story that almost didn't have a happy ending.

One day when the Catechists were making visits, they found a very poor family. There were three children. The oldest was a poor little girl about seven years old, who couldn't walk, or talk, or hear. She could see a little, but not very much. They hadn't anything to eat, because the father hadn't been able to get work for two whole months!

They were all so cold and hungry that the Catechists had to get help for them right away. Some groceries were brought from the store, and the mother gave the little sick girl a glass of milk. With one gulp, all the milk was gone! Her mother gave her a little more, and it went the same way. Fearing that she would make herself sick by drinking the milk so fast, her mother decided not to give her any more for a while, and put her down on the floor. But the poor little thing was so hungry that she started to cry and to bump her head against the wall. Then her mother thought it would be better to let her have more milk, even if she did drink it too fast, than to let her be so hungry, so she gave her some bread and all the milk she wanted.



When she had had enough, she dragged herself across the floor, and lovingly patted the Catechist's hand—her only way of expressing her gratitude.

Dear Juniors:

Next to Christmas, don't you think the Easter season is the most beautiful of the year? There are two reasons for this. The first is the wonderful meaning of Easter.

Oh, how glad it makes us when we think how Our Saviour came from His tomb on Easter morning, shining and beautiful, never to suffer anymore!

The other reason is because Spring is here. We know that soon the earth will be gay and bright with all the many pretty flowers that God gives us to make us happy. Perhaps you will gather some to lay on Our Blessed Mother's Altar, and when you do, you will ask Her to pray for the poor Mission children. Their souls are like pure white lilies, and what could please Our Dear Savior more than to bring Him many such lovely flowers?

It has been quite a while since any of you have written to tell me what you or your band is doing for the Missions, and I am beginning to wonder how you are getting along. I'm just sure your mite boxes got full to the top during Lent. Isn't it wonderful to be a Junior Associate Catechist of Mary, and to work hand-in-hand with Our Dear Blessed Mother to bring sunshine into the lives of the poor little Mexican children?

Address all A. C. M. and Jr. A. C. M. communications to the Catechist Supervisor, Associate Catechists of Mary, Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana.

JOIN THE ASSOCIATE CATECHISTS OF MARY

Victory-Mount Echoes



A few days prior to March 25th, the inhabitants of peaceful, drowsy Las Vegas may have noted the passing of autos filled with young women, whose somber uniforms of blue were relieved by snowy collars, and faces wreathed with the brightest of smiles. These were the Missionary Catechists en route to Victory-Mount, gathering from the Mission Centers which lay north, south and west of the Meadow City, for their semi-annual retreat. A truck containing a few articles of furniture and ample provisions, preceded our sister-Catechists from the North. They were the subject of much jesting on this account. Nevertheless, it goes to prove how a Missionary believes in preparedness. In a few hours, Victory-Mount Preparatory Training School bore marked resemblance to Victory-Noll, as to quantity of Catechists, and the quality of noise which reigns on festive days. This only for an hour or two, however. Then all settled down to the serious business of making a good Retreat.

We wish our good readers of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST might have had the opportunity of making the Retreat with us,—not that they did not share in it, for they were certainly remembered in our prayers. But how conducive to interior recollection is the quiet which reigns in New Mexico! Between conferences, meditations and spiritual readings, we spent much time in closest contact with Nature. Next to the Chapel, what better place to consider the greatness and goodness of God! The warm southern sun bore us His caresses, while the rhythmic music of bells about the necks of the slow moving sheep on the hillside could not fail to remind us of the gentleness and meekness of the Adorable Lamb, Who offered His life on the Cross for us.

The dawning of the beautiful Feast of the Annunciation brought to a fitting close and climax, the four days spent in silence and prayer. Father Oliver, O.F.M., who had conducted the Retreat, received the vows of Catechist Dorothy Schneider, Catechist Genevieve Vasquez, Catechist Salomea Dorava, Catechist Agipeta Archuleta and Catechist Maximiliana Martinez, pronounced for the first time. At the same time eight other Missionary Catechists renewed their vows. Father Buron, our Chaplain, preached a short sermon, congratulating the newly pro-

WHY AM I HELPING THE MISSIONARY CATECHISTS?

By William Roeder

Author of

"The Watcher at the Gate,"

"Conquered,"

And Director of

The Joyce Kilmer Players.

I am helping the Missionary Catechists in their work—

BECAUSE their Society was founded to save the souls and bodies of the poorest of God's poor.

BECAUSE this Society was built upon the solid foundation of absolute trust in the power of the Mother of God, and exists and is functioning today precisely because it depends on Divine Providence for the funds necessary for relieving the spiritual and bodily necessities of the poor.

BECAUSE the Catechists are engaged in imparting, not secular, but Religious instruction, the most sublime work in all the world.

BECAUSE the Catechists are not engaged in pay work of any kind. They cater not to the well-to-do, but to the most destitute and abandoned.

BECAUSE they do no institutional work, but like their Divine Master, they go into the highways and byways everywhere "doing good," helping those who cannot help themselves. And, too,

BECAUSE I know that every penny donated is directly applied for the relief of the poor, not for the erection of buildings or for payment on buildings already erected.

BECAUSE I know that the Catechists have no elaborate card indexing charity system in their relief work. They get right down to the level of the poor, making house-to-house visits, feeding the hungry, clothing the destitute, nursing the sick.

FINALLY I am helping the Missionary Catechists because I cannot conceive of a higher form of charity than they practice, since they have left home, relatives and friends; have given up the "good things of this life" to share the hard lot of the poor, living even as the poor live, in humble adobe huts, in the poorest Mission places.

fessed, and exhorting all to remain true to the resolutions made during the Retreat.

The Spanish-American girls, who are Aspirants for entrance into our Society, showed themselves to be real adepts in the art of interior decorating. The community room, trimmed in blue and white, with a quaint little shrine in one corner erected to Our Beloved Mother, gave ample testimony of this.

Reading Something Worth While

By Rev. A. J. Blaufuss

A CROWN OF JEWELS FOR THE LITTLE SECRETARY OF JESUS—By Rev. J. P. Clarke, J. P. Daleiden Co., Chicago, Ill. Price \$1.00.

Sister Benigna Consolata, only thirty-one years old, died at the Visitation Convent at Como, Italy, in the year 1916. During life she was known as "The Little Secretary of Jesus." Her writings, which breathe the fragrance of the violet and the rose,—of holy simplicity and love,—are even now regaling many souls with the sweetness of their perfume.

Father Clarke publishes a delightful little book on her virtues. Though not cast into verse form, it is a book of song rather than of prose. Like a skilled goldsmith he has gathered her virtues, each a precious jewel, and set them in a magnificent diadem to adorn her saintly brow.

A Catechist was trying to explain very patiently to the little members of her Catechism primer class the doctrine of the Holy Trinity.

"Remember, children," she said, "that you always tell that there are three Persons in one God,—Father, Son and Holy Ghost,—when you make the Sign of the Cross."

The next day Father Conroy, Pastor, came to visit the young defenders of the Faith.

"Who can tell me," he asked, "how many persons in God?"

Little Jimmie, age 7, fairly jumped from his seat. "I know, Father, four Persons."

"Well, Who are these four Persons, Jimmie?"

"These four Persons are Father, Son, Holy Ghost and Amen."



Setting Out for Victory Mount

MAY OUR RISEN SAVIOR BLESS YOU FOR YOUR CHARITY!

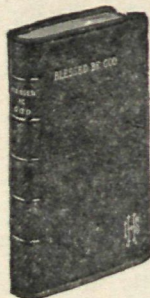
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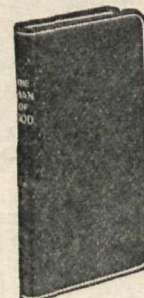


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